The Bee

BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE.

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ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY R. E. YOUNG.

When the gate creaked that October night, Marion Hartley, wife of the unsuccessful author-playwright, was torturing her wits afresh for a way to secretly induce some theatrical manager to recognize her husband's genius. Her flush faded as she heard admitted a man with a slow voice and a deliberate step. Both were unpleasantly familiar.

"Good evening," he said, bowing studiously. Tall, broad and perfectly dressed, he possessed a face only spoiled by its expression. "Is he accessible? Ah, yes, I see his light in there. Afraid I must disturb his inspiration, then."

"Indeed? He is very busy," she simply said.

"Of course." He sat down. "Er—may I ask how the great play progresses?"

No answer. It had come back that morning for the fourth time—declined. She pretended to sew until the position grew unbearable and then rose

"EH? THERE!"

and tapped at the door of that inner room in which her husband spent more hours than she liked to total. No reply.

"Gilbert, dear, don't start," was whispered fearfully. "He is here again—that Mr. Mainwaring. What shall"—

Why, he was not scribbling away feverishly. His head had fallen forward—asleep? When she touched him, he slowly roused to stare past her with eyes so dilated that she almost shrank.

"Gilbert, don't!" She was unconsciously on her knees now. "Oh, give it up, if it's killing you! I'll work, husband!"

"Eh? There! I was dreaming—my plot was just coming to me, and you—you disturb me so!" he said, putting her arms away. "If I lose grip of it this time, it—it—may mean madness! Marion, it was sublime! Only go away—do!"

He found his pen and started. Awed, apprehensive, too, she hung there as though hesitating whether to obey or snatch his precious manuscript away. Finally she stole out and stood guard at his door.

"My husband cannot see you tonight."

"Oh, very good, madam! Half this house was furnished with the £100 he coolly borrowed through me—before I knew, of course. Sympathy means forbearance. As you don't want it, I'll sell him up now!"

"You—you will not!" She ran and caught his arm. "I did not know it. I simply say—if you but knew how he has slaved and tried! Let me tell you something. Wait—and his play will be accepted. Yes! Tonight he has found his plot—the great idea he has missed for months. There!"

"Found his plot?" He stared incredulously, appearing to weigh the chances. "Bah! That was to have thrilled creation long ago. I will call once again next week, and then"— He went out without finishing it.

In a sort of stupor Marion sat down and waited—waited hour after hour. Then at last Gilbert came groping out, one hand pressed to his head, his face haggard, but ecstatic. Not even her white and hopeless face struck his attention.

"Done it!" he gasped. "I was coming to wake you. They—they say that every man is capable of one stroke of genius. Listen to this—but the room seems by, Marion, I—I"—

The manuscript fell. She realized something and sprang forward. He had swayed and then toppled down.

Twelve hours later found him in the heat of unmistakable delirium. And the play! It was lying neglected upon his study desk. Weeks would pass, the bluff old doctor said, before his sanity could return. It meant that the home must vanish bit by bit—but what of that? Night and day she hovered over him. He had tried and failed. Only to save his reason! Then she would try herself.

In the first excitement she quite forgot Mainwaring, and his last veiled threat, until, precisely seven days after his previous visit, the girl informed her that that gentleman and a "friend" were waiting in the sitting room. Both frightened and desperate, she went down as far as the doorway.

"He is ill," she said, her face a study in supplication. "He knows nothing—perhaps never will again."

"There!" Mainwaring's teeth snapped. "What did I say? A planned affair! My friend here wants his money—or some equivalent. There is the agreement. I stay until I see your husband."

Marion managed to get "Then you must stay" past the lump in her throat. Then she ran back and locked the bedroom door.

"They've gone, ma'am," came through the keyhole at last. "They mumbled away for a time, and then they were suddenly quiet. I think they were frightened. They almost crept out."

Marion, sitting back from Gilbert's wild stare, found temporary relief in a stream of tears.

The first gleam of sunshine came at the end of three awful weeks. Hartley, physically safe, could cross his bedroom. Only it terrified her to realize that he was but a living automaton. Six weeks, and the mysterious stupor showed no signs of lifting. And when he crept down stairs again it was only to sit staring vacantly through the hours. And Christmas was close at hand—dear, joyous Christmas!

"It's most strange," said the doctor one day. "I've been thinking—what mild excitement would be likely to rouse him?"

"Oh, the theater—the play," she answered mechanically.

"Then take him. Here. There's a matinee advertised for tomorrow at the Jollity—some new and wonderful drama to be tried. The very thing!"

Gilbert, never seeming to wonder where the money came from, assented, and accordingly that next day, Christmas eve, found them both seated in the Jollity. If this failed—

The play commenced, but Marion herself had not come to be thrilled. Holding her husband's hand tightly, she sat stealthily watching for a sign of dawning comprehension. In vain. During the first and second acts his expression remained all but lifeless. Suddenly, however, Marion almost cried out. His thin fingers had been quivering. Now, half way through the last act, they closed upon her own crushingly. The lights were low, but she could see his eyes dilating. Only too thankful that every one appeared engrossed by the play, she whisperingly implored:

"Try, try and keep calm dear! It's nearly over."

"My plot—my play!" he said. "You—you have let them steal my brains!"

For the moment she was stupefied. Then, "Nonsense, dear," she whispered back. "It is safe."

"My very words," he gasped, not heeding. "Let me go. I've been robbed, robbed! I'll shout it all over the city!"

Then, indeed, she stared and tried to realize the play, but he was struggling past. There would be a scene. So, holding his hand still, she followed him out into the corridor. Before she could prevent it he had gripped an attendant's shoulder.

"Your manager—at once!" he breathed. "Your manager!" he repeated, as a swell of applause drowned the man's reply.

"The manager? In that box over there. What name shall I say?"

"Gilbert Hartley—the author of this play!"

They followed him round winding corridors and up to the door of a box. Two gentlemen were just emerging laughingly when the white faced man and whiter faced woman barred their way.

"Not yet! I demand," said Gilbert, pointing, "the identity of the man who writes himself the author of that play."

"Why," said one coolly, "I happen to be the author. Anything amiss?"

"You!" Hartley, looking like one just risen from the grave, put out two working hands. "Come here! Look me in the face. I wrote it—almost as it stands. If my manuscript is gone, you—have stolen it."

The finale was at hand. The audience, little dreaming of that side drama, sat spellbound. Then—then a crazy, unmistakable cheering rose to the roof.

"Author! Author!" went up. The situation was critical, the manager stupefied.

The "author," with Marion's wide, pleading eyes upon him, hesitated. Then he blurted out:

"No fraud at all! I bought that manuscript in a crude state from a man who claimed to have produced it. There is nothing discreditable"—

"His name?"

"I—I cannot give it. He was here just now. Prove that he stole it, and I am willing to divide all"—

The cries for "Author" were growing deafening, when Marion gave that little scream of realization and said:

"He was here—Gilbert, look—Mainwaring! He came for his money that day! He stole the papers for spite, thinking you might never know! Deny that name if you can!" she finished breathlessly, staring into the other man's eyes.

"Madam, I can't." Swallowing a lump, he gripped Hartley's hand. "Sir, my reputation is at stake. I must appear with you as joint author, but I promise you two-thirds of all royalties."

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The audience was upon its feet, staring about in wonderment when the cur-

"I WROTE IT."

tain waved. Two men stood bowing in the footlight glow, and the foremost was Gilbert Hartley. Neither ventured a speech, and not a few people were puzzled afresh when next day a joint authorship was publicly announced, but the play itself was unanimously voted a thrilling success, and that was enough.

Enough—yes! Later that day, when the bells were pealing, Marion crept up behind her husband and placed a twisted sprig of holly upon his tired head.

"Laureled!" she whispered. "A little alliteration, dear—my king, my king, crowned on Christmas eve!"

And Mainwaring? Well, they simply allowed him to slip into oblivion. A long way up the ladder of literary fame, and climbing still, Gilbert Hartley can easily afford to be merciful to the man who tried to topple him off the first rung.

Hand Painted Presents.

How many exquisite little holiday gifts one can prepare if she can paint! A fancy greatly appreciated by one who cannot paint is this: Take a satin ribbon from three to four inches wide, have it long enough to tie in a handsome bow, fringe the ends and then above this paint a tasteful design. Flowers are perhaps prettier than anything else, but I saw one with a tiny landscape painted upon it with such delicate touches that it was lovely. These bows are to be used as adornments for sofa arms or backs or to put upon the left hand corner of a chair back.

Another article upon which the brush may be used to advantage is the covering of a fine needle pillow. The latest novelty in shape is that of a muff, half the cover to be of pale pink, the other half of pale green. The ends were tied with bows of pink and green ribbons. The decoration was a branch of pine.

A Trio of Truisms.

Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

Judge a man by his deeds, and not by his words.

Anger showeth the character of a man.—Helpful Thoughts.

A CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE.

An Incident in the Life of an Observing Traveler.

Several winters ago I had arrived at Odessa from Asiatic Turkey. The unlucky yellow flag, hoisted by command of the visiting surgeon of the port, compelled the brig I was in to toss about in the roadstead for a week before it was admitted to the quarantine harbor. Then I was required to send my clothes for fumigation, and at the end of another week the authorities permitted me to land and take up my quarters in the lazaretto for 14 days more, "on suspicion of plague."

The Odessa lazaretto is built in the form of a quadrangle. Each room is separated from its neighbor by a double wall, between which a sentinel takes his station to see that neighbors hold no communication with each other. There is a small courtyard in front of each room, and a double iron grating—

GUARDED BY TWO SOLDIERS.

one row of grating a few feet before the other—keeps the prisoners from any personal contact with the outer world, represented by the restaurateur and his aids, the surgeon and the chaplain. In the room adjoining mine were confined a Greek and a young woman, who passed a portion of their time in singing to the music of a guitar and occasionally a tambourine. Much of the rest was spent in eating, drinking and sleeping, to judge from the long intervals of silence. But there were noisy episodes which conveyed strong proofs that the lady could scold as well as sing, and sometimes the quarrels rose to a terrible pitch, a thump, followed by a scream, furnishing the climax. It was Christmas day. The snow fell heavily, deadening the sound of the church bells, which, through a broken pane, reminded me of the holy festival. I expected to hear my neighbors sing hymns. My own time was devoted to my books—the only relief to an enforced solitude.

Toward evening, while the guard slept, I distinctly heard the voice of the man Greek. He seemed to be growling rather than speaking, and in the intervals of his silence I heard the female sob. Not a very "merry Christmas," thought I. Sometimes one voice rose above the other. The one was shrill, the other loud and angry. Then there was a scuffle; then all was tranquil. Night had fallen, and I had hoped the parties had gone to sleep. But again the murmurs, the expostulations, the outbursts, disturbed my quiet. And now the woman became voluble, and spasmodic bursts of grief alone interrupted the torrent of her eloquence. Often the man called out what appeared to be "Silence!" adding a few words, none of which was distinct enough to be caught, in a minatory tone. Then came another struggle, words, bitter words, stifled cries, a heavy fall, a scream, silence again.

I could not sleep. What had been the issue of the last quarrel? Had the "peace and good will" taught by the Redeemer, whose natal day the outer Christian world was celebrating, ultimately prevailed, and were the recent antagonists illustrating the Horatian maxim that the falling out of lovers is the renewal of love? Or had the last fall so stunned the feebler of the two individuals as to render the revival of either love or anger temporarily impossible?

I was not long in doubt. It was past midnight when I was awakened by dolorous cries and heavy sobs, vehement protestations and earnest apostrophes in the voice of the man. I knocked loudly at the wall to suggest silence. He evidently did not heed the knocking. I called out in good Italian, "Be quiet!" It was of no avail. I roused up the guard and asked him what was the matter with the gentleman. My custodian suggested he was drunk. I could not, however, divest my mind of the idea that a deed of darkness had been perpetrated.

The night wore away. I could not sleep. I no longer heard the voice of the woman. Even the man's voice was hushed. But instead of the usual sounds my ear was assailed with knockings on the floor and a noise as of a saw or file at work. When the restaurateur came round in the morning to take orders for breakfast, I told him what I had heard and suggested that the lady might be ill and need medical aid. He went next door, but was sent away with the intimation that nothing was wanted. Two or three more days elapsed. The time had arrived for my release. On the very day indeed when I was to be emancipated my neighbors were also to be freed. I heard the officers arrive next door. Some words were uttered, followed by an altercation. Then the man cried bitterly. What could be the matter? More officers came. The man was fettered and taken away. Where was the woman? He had stabbed her in his anger, and under some absurd notion that her existence would be forgotten by the authorities he had taken up two planks and deposited the dead body of the poor girl beneath them. This explained the operations which followed upon the silence. When I was released, I saw my quondam neighbor sitting in a veranda of the place where I went to reclaim my fumigated apparel, guarded by two soldiers. He was a little old man of malignant aspect. I remembered having seen him at the harbor with a handsome young Greek whom I supposed to be his child. No one knew exactly what their relative position was. It was enough that he had shed her blood on Christmas night.

W. A. GILCRIST.

The Treating Habit.

It was Pope Telesphorus, who died before the year 150 A. D., who instituted Christmas as a festival, though for some time it was irregularly held in December, April and May. But for centuries before there had been a feast of

PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Yule among the northern nations whose great enjoyment was in drinking the wassail bowl or cup. Nothing gave them so much delight as indulgence in "carousing ale," especially at the season of short days when fighting was ended. It was likewise their custom at all their feasts "for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself, and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." This may have been the origin of that popular American custom known as "treating." It is certain that upon our Christian observance of this glorious day have been ingrafted habits taken from rude and barbarous people.

The Difference.

First Goose—What's the difference between a Christmas turkey and a Christmas girl?

Second Goose—I dunno.

First Goose—Why, one is dressed to kill, and the other is killed to dress.

Reminder of an Old Custom.

Hundreds of old country people, especially of Irish birth, will remember the Christmas candle which is lighted and placed in the window at midnight of Christmas eve and allowed to burn there on the successive nights until it is all consumed. It is one of the most interesting of all the customs associated with the religious celebration of the Christian festival. It is symbolic, of course, of the "Light of the World," but some hold that with the mistletoe, the holly and the festive practices of the season it goes back to Druid or pagan origin and is derived from some olden symbolism of the returning warmth of the sun. However this may be, it is not generally known that the custom has been preserved in Canada to this day by a few old country people, comparatively speaking, to whom Christmas would not bear its holy message without the tall wax candle shining in their window.

Santa Claus In the South.

"Whew! What would the children say if they saw me in this rig?"

The Useful Holly.

If we believe Pliny, the Roman historian and naturalist, the holly is a potent tree, exclusive of its Christmas privileges. As far back as his time it was planted near dwelling houses to preserve them from lightning. The learned philosopher not only tells us this, but says that its flowers cause water to freeze, and that if a staff of its wood be thrown at any animal, even if it fall short of touching it, the animal will be so subdued by its influence as to return and lie down by it. As the American holly blooms in June it will be easy to try the effect on water.

Holly has also found a place in medicine, but it involves such heroic treatment that I fear the faculty will scarcely approve it. In many districts of England the country people advise you to thrash your chilblains with holly leaves and assure you that it is a perfect cure. It may be. There it has also been recommended in a decoction of the leaves for rheumatism and for intermittent fever. Lonicerus recommends it for a pain in the side commonly called "a stitch."

Sheep and deer will eat holly in hard winter, and branches are fed to cattle for fodder in France when other food is scarce.

The holly of Europe and the holly of the United States each will grow to be a tree of some 40 feet in height. The wood is even grained, white as ivory, except in the heart of old trunks, and takes an exquisite polish. It has been much used for "inlaying." Many articles said to be of ebony, such as the handles of teapots, etc., are holly stained.

Life Is Conscience.

To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded into the heart. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. Life is conscience.—Victor Hugo.

BIRCH BARK WASTEBASKET.

Hint For a Pretty and Novel Christmas Gift.

Many people carry home from their summer outing pieces of birch bark which they have stripped from the glistening trees during long walks in the country. Here is a pretty way to utilize it:

A good sized piece is needed to make a waste basket—although smaller ones are pretty to hold grasses—one that has been stripped unbroken from the tree. Make a cylindrical foundation of very heavy cardboard just the size of the bark. Line it with a pretty colored sateen. Cover the outside with the bark. Cut a circle of the cardboard to fit the base of the basket. Cover one side with sateen wadded with cotton, the other with birch bark, and, placing the sateen lining inside, overhand it with strong linen thread to the part of the basket already made. The ribbon which ornaments the top is slipped between the

lining and the birch bark and sewed in place with silk of the same color. It is then left to hang over the edge—one long, one short alternately. The end of each ribbon is folded to a point and is tipped with a tiny silvered bell.

A russet red or any color suggestive of autumn leaves or else a pale green or light blue harmonizes well with the silver gray of the birch.

PRETTY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Chafing Dish Recipe Book That Is Useful and Ornamental.

A very useful Christmas gift for a friend who owns a chafing dish is a little recipe book filled with directions for savory dishes that can be easily made in that ever ready little cooking utensil. The covers are made of heavy brown linen with a suitable design

drawn with brown etching ink or worked in brown linen thread on the front cover. Inside are a dozen leaves of strong linen paper, on which are written in brown ink recipes for Welsh rarebit, creamed oysters, omelets and every imaginable concoction that can be made in a chafing dish. There are so many now to be found in the newspapers—some of them the work of the best cooks—that it is a very easy matter to gather enough to fill the book. A few pages should be left blank for the recipient to write new or favorite recipes. The writing should, of course, be very clear and distinct.

A Christmas Gift.

Startling appearance in church on the Sunday after Christmas of Uncle Hiram in the new overcoat his city cousin sent him.

Being Appreciated.

It is pleasant to be appreciated. Persons work better when they know that their efforts command approval. Nothing is lost by kindly words of interest and recognition. Flattery is offensive, but appreciation of another's kindness and service is always acceptable.—Presbyterian.

CHRISTMAS FEASTS.

OLD TIME DINNERS OF AMAZING PROPORTIONS.

What They Used to Eat In the Days of King Arthur—Boar's Head Served With Ceremony—An Ancient Dinner to the Poor.

It is almost impossible to say when the custom began of celebrating Christmas with a sumptuous feast. It is certain, however, that the observance has never lapsed since English history began. Whistlecraft, a writer who delved deeply among the traditions and records of the reign of King Arthur of the Round Table, describes the Christmas dinner of that day in verse:

They served up salmon, venison and wild boars
By hundreds and by dozens and by scores,
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Mottons and fatted beeves and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swans and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons and, in fine,
Plum puddings, pancakes, apple pies and custard.
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead and ale and cider of our own,
For porter, punch and negus were not known.

This bill of fare is doubtless more poetic than accurate, yet it is not far out of the way. One notable omission is that of the wassail bowl, for wassail, though it was a drink of the ancient Druids of the third century and probably earlier, was for many hundred years a favorite British drink and came to be a distinctive feature of Christmas feasts. It was first made of ale, or what was then considered ale, sweetened with something that did duty for the more modern sugar. Just what that was is today unknown, but it was sweet. Then there was toast, and there were roasted crabs, put hissing hot into the bowl—a queer drink, but such as it was it was liked.

As time went by the recipe was varied till, perhaps 1,000 years or so later, the wassail bowl was filled with wine, well warmed and spiced, with toasted bread and roasted apples. If wine were not obtainable, ale was used, but the apples were deemed indispensable and really seem to have been an improvement on crabs. Doubtless it was the white pulp of the apples that gave wassail its nickname of "lamb's wool," and it was therefore an anachronism that crept into the account of King Arthur's feast when the boy with the mantle cast a spell over the table, for it is told that on that occasion only one knight found his sword sharp enough to carve the boar's head or his hand steady enough to lift the lamb's wool without spilling it.

It will be noticed that King Arthur had neither turkeys nor geese, though both of them are now distinctive features of the Christmas feast. The turkey was not taken to England from the east till the sixteenth century, and, though the goose was known before, his gastronomic value seems not to have been discovered.

But if Arthur's feast seems gargantuan it was a frugal repast compared with those that came later. Gervase Markham describes a "moderate dinner" of about A. D. 1600 that would answer for Christmas in the following amazing way:

"The first course should consist of 16 full dishes—that is, dishes of meat that are of substance and not empty or for show—as thus, for example: First, a shield of braun with mustard; secondly, a boyl'd capon; thirdly, a boyl'd piece of beef; fourthly, a chine of beef rosted; fifthly, a neat's tongue rosted; sixthly, a pig rosted; seventhly, chewets baked; eighthly, a goose rosted; ninthly, a swan rosted; tenthly, a turkey rosted; the eleventh, a haunch of venison rosted; the twelfth, a pasty of venison; the thirteenth, a kid with a pudding in the belly; the fourteenth, an olive-pye; the fifteenth, a couple of capons; the sixteenth, a custard or dowsets. Now, to these full dishes may be added sallets fricases, quelque choses and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no less than two and thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table and in one mess. And after this manner you may proportion both your second and third courses, holding fulness on one half of the dishes and show in the other, which will be both frugal in the splendour, contentment to the guest and much pleasure and delight to the beholder."

Surely a "moderate dinner" like that would make a lord mayor's banquet seem stingy, yet there is ample evidence that such feasts were not uncommon "in that elder day." Not every one, however, set such a table, even when he could afford it, for Pepys records a dinner given to the poor by Sir George Downing one Christmas at which nothing was served but beef, porridge, pudding and pork. It may have been better than the recipients usually had for everyday fare, but they voted it a mean entertainment for Christmas.

The boar's head, as is well known, was for hundreds of years the piece de resistance of every well regulated British Christmas feast, and it has been held by some writers that it became the favorite because of a general desire to protest against the Jewish prohibition of pork. A more probable reason is that the boar was the fiercest of all the wild beasts of the country, and killing him was the highest achievement of the huntsman. Then, again, his head is very good to eat.

Whatever the reason, the great dish was served with great pomp. It was served in style. A forgotten poet wrote:

If you would end up the brawnets head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread.
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst those thundering spears an orange place.
Sauce, like himself, offensive to his foes,
The roguish mustard dangerous to the nose.
Sack and the well spiced hippocras, the wine
Wassail, the bowl with ancient ribands fine,
Porridge with plums and turkeys with the chine.

The mere dressing of the dish did not suffice, however. The ceremony of bringing it into the banquet hall of a great house was most imposing, for it was not brought without a procession. First came a runner in a horseman's coat with a boar spear in his hand. Then a huntsman in green with a naked and bloody sword. Then two pages in sarcenet, each with a mess of mustard, and last the bearer himself, chosen for his size and strength, proudly holding the huge silver platter on which the boar's head lay.

Such was the plainest procession that entered, always with music, for a Christmas carol was always sung. What the magnificence of the wealthiest houses was may be imagined from the fact that King Henry II. having caused his son to be crowned during his own lifetime, himself served as bearer of the boar's head at his son's table and was preceded by the royal trumpeters as he entered.

The splendor of these ancient feasts would doubtless seem barbaric now, but the profusion of the viands seems wonderful. In comparison our modern spreads seem small, and one wonders if in the elder day all men were like the one who died only lately and who made a reputation by a single remark, "The turkey is an excellent bird with one serious fault—he is too big for one person to eat and not big enough for two." DAVID A. CURTIS.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS.

Two Neat Christmas Presents That Can Be Made by Hand.

Among homemade Christmas presents a set of envelopes for interesting clippings can be made as elaborate as

one wishes. The essentials are to take long envelopes and label them for the various purposes for which they are intended. For instance, one set contains one envelope each for clippings relating to politics, medicine, society, stocks, religion, poetry, celebrities and college news. Such a set should be a very nice present for a sister to give a brother who was prominent in college journalism. Just the bare envelopes tied together with the college colors would suffice, but to make the set more fanciful take some chamois skin and cut it large enough to form a sort of book cover for the envelopes, decorate it if possible, but if not simply print the word clippings in gilt letters on the back. Then lay the envelopes together and punch two holes about 2½ inches apart, make holes in the chamois cover to correspond and run ribbons through envelopes and cover to tie them together.

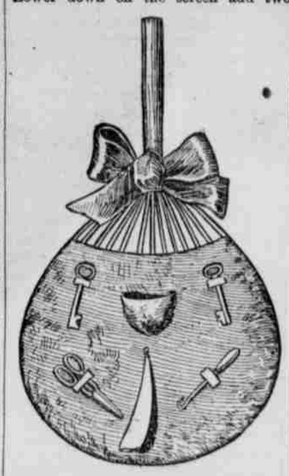
Another fancy made after the same fashion is a number of decorated cards tied together in a book. The cards are long and tied at the ends. The outside card is decorated with clover blossoms and labeled in gilt letters, "Baby's Progress." The next leaf has "Baby's Birthday," next "Baby's Name," next "Baby's Weight," with spaces for weight at birth, at one month, at two months, at six months, etc.; next, "What Baby First Said," and last, "When Baby First Walked," with tiny shoes and slippers for decoration at the foot of the page. This, of course, would be a dainty gift for the fond young mother from her sister or dear friend. These, however, involve some skill in painting and are of no use to the ordinary mortal whose birth was not recognized by the color muse.

A FAN FANCY.

A Pretty Homemade Christmas Present For Mother or Sister.

The omnipresent fan is pressed into a variety of uses. One is to lay flat in the drawer as a scent bag, having wadding and a tangle of lace focused by a knot of ribbon or flowers as a wall pocket for photographs.

There is a not half bad one, as the Scotch say, used to hold toilet odds and ends when one has not the rich morocco case. Cut a piece of stiff card the exact size of the blade of the fan, cover it with chintz or plush and cut a little shield shaped pocket for the watch. Lower down on the screen add two



small straps of plush to hold scissors and button hook. Three or four small hooks sewed to the cardboard in convenient places serve to hang keys, shoehorns, etc. Cover the fan on one side with silk, lay the plush side on the screen and sew the two together. Add a cord all around to hide the joints and a "natty" little bow of ribbon to hang it up by.

A fan so decorated makes an appropriate Christmas present for mother or sister.

Smoothing the Way.

The way of life is by no means smooth, but let us not make it rougher than it is. The world is not all we could wish, but if it goes wrong let us not spend ourselves trying to make it go worse. Rather let us make it a little smoother and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners and deeds. If men in general are out of sorts, there is the more need of our being in sorts.—Christian Leader.

JOLLY LITTLE JAPS.

THE DOLLS UTILIZED FOR HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Ballet Dancer Shaving Paper Case That Is Just Too Cute For Anything—A Fantastic Penwiper and Blotting Pad Makes an Acceptable Gift.

As the holidays draw near there is a great demand for novelties, especially for those that can be made at home.

Two useful and dainty gifts which can be easily made by the average bright American girl are here described.

At a Japanese store, that home of pretty things within the reach of the most slender purses, can be purchased for the sum of 10 cents a lifelike little head with a fringe of wiry black hair protruding from under a paper disk. In the center of this is a hole, through which a duster is intended to be slipped, but a very fantastic penwiper and blotter combined may be readily made instead. Cut two circular pieces of chamois of two contrasting colors (every desirable shade can now be obtained in this leather; the model was made of yellow and royal purple), and, having pinked the edges, gather in a bunch from the center and fasten with a bit of wire to a burned match. Slip the match through the opening in the top of the head until it rests crosswise inside, thus fixing the penwiper firmly in place. Now cut six squares of blotting paper of the same color as the chamois and lay them alternately one on top of another; then cut a circle of chamois an inch and a half in diameter and lay in the center of the topmost piece of blotting paper. Take the head, make a hole in each side of the neck and, threading a large needle with baby ribbon, pass it from the chamois on top through the last sheet of blotting paper and then back again, this time passing through the hole in the side of the neck. Now take the two ends of the ribbon and tie first in a firm knot and then in a dainty little bow. Having made a similar bow on the other side, the novel little gift is finished. The ribbon used must of course be of the same color as the chamois.

Another pretty present is a Japanese ballet dancer shaving paper case. An ordinary Japanese doll about ten inches high is used for this novel little dancer. Having disrobed the victim of its native gown, proceed to array it in crape tissue paper. The one in question was dressed in light blue, the ribbon used being black. The trousers, which reach just to the end of the unsightly brown muslin and the beginning of the pink knee, are cut from an oblong piece of tissue paper, sewed up the center and shirred at the bottom of each leg to form a ruffle. A waist is cut from a straight piece with two holes cut for the arms, into which is sewed a plain straight sleeve shirred at the end to form a ruffle. This is creased around the center to make the wheellike effect shown in the illustration. The waist is then shirred around the neck about half an inch from the top to form a ruffled collar. For the skirt cut 20 circles about 4½ inches in diameter and notch their edges, fold in half and then again in quarters without creasing them. Thread these through the pointed end on a strong piece of linen cord and, tying the cord tightly round the waist of the doll, push the frills until they stand out evenly all around. A ribbon is then passed round the waist, crossed in front,

then in the back and is tied in a bow in the center. A loop of the ribbon is then sewed to the crosspiece by which to hang it up.

Embroidered Linen Christmas Gifts.

Embroidered linen novelties are numerous, one of the most sensible things being a cornucopia for a hair receiver, which can be opened and laundered. Linen embroidery is very tedious work, however, and the amateur had better not undertake it.

Envelope cases are made of linen and have places at each end for notebooks, one of which is meant for addresses.

Less the Better.

If a man hasn't got grace enough to keep his temper and live right, the less he has to say for Jesus Christ the better.—D. L. Moody.